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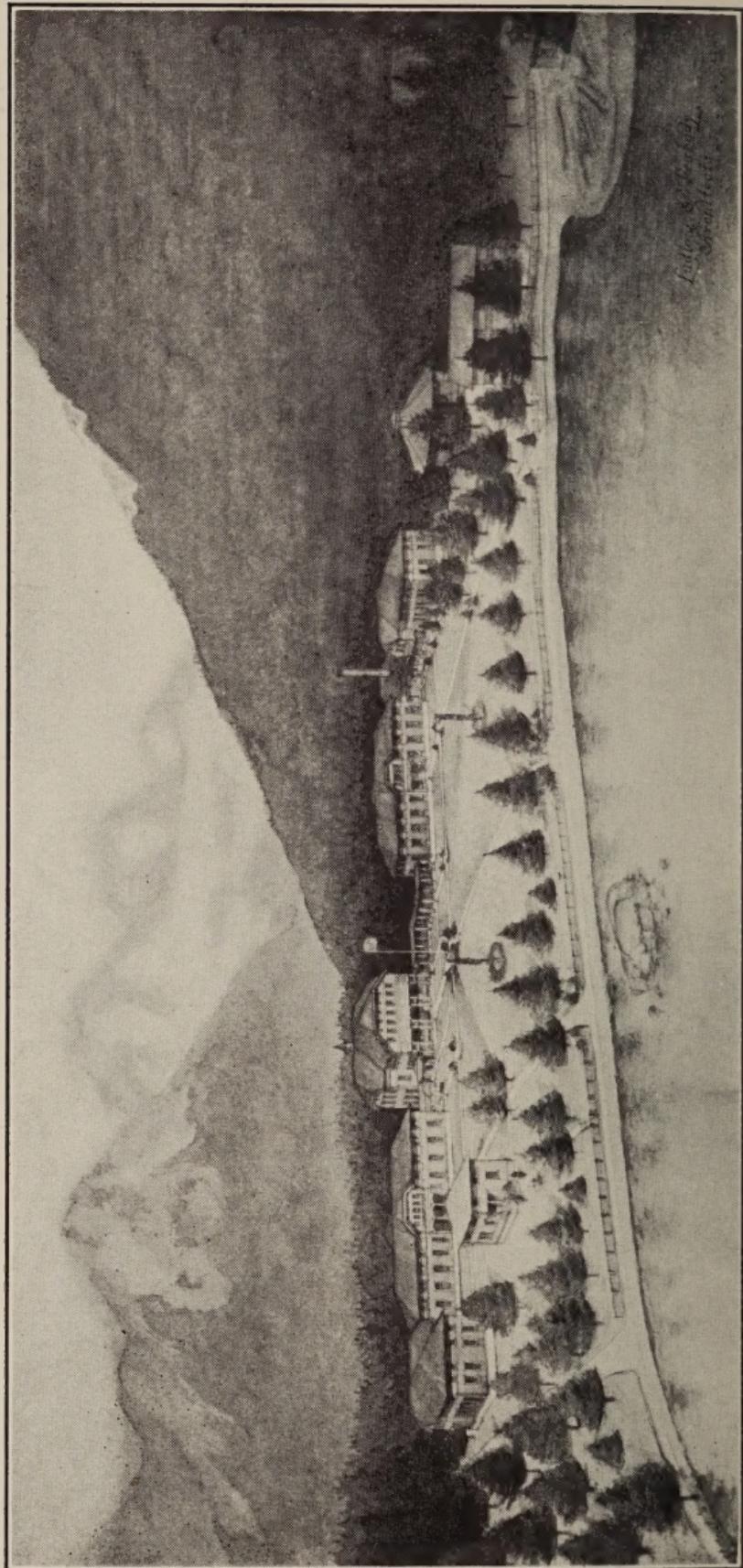
# The Sheldon Jackson School

By  
Marshall C. Allaben



Woman's Board of Home Missions of  
the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.

156 Fifth Avenue, New York City



Sheldon Jackson School Campus

# Sheldon Jackson School

By MARSHALL C. ALLABEN



HEN the sturdy little boat "Georgia," on which I made the voyage from Juneau, steamed into the marvelously beautiful harbor of Sitka, and my eyes, straining through field glasses, caught their first glimpse of the site and buildings of the Sheldon Jackson School, a thrill of pride came over me which ripened into a feeling of deep satisfaction during the days of my visit which followed. The six, fine new buildings together with the superintendent's cottage, afford commodious, attractive and homelike quarters for one hundred and fifty students and workers. There is no doubt that we have received good value for the expenditure made. Our Presbyterian women, and indeed the Church at large, may well be proud of the splendid plant we now have. The equipment is proving adequate and making possible a development of the work which would hardly have been dreamed of under the conditions in the old building; nor is it too much for our Board to do for the education of these native Alaskans. No one could live as I did for ten days among the girls and boys of this school without feeling most hopeful as to their capacity and general responsiveness.

As the Sheldon Jackson School is primarily an industrial institution, I shall endeavor through-



Sheldon Jackson School-Girls

out this article to give as complete and detailed a description of this work and its results as the limitations of space will permit. The general aim of all this work is to give full practical and theoretical training, with a view of preparing the girls for the task of home making and the boys as wage earners. The transition which is now going on from the old days of hunting and fishing to the new period of commercial development throughout all Southeastern Alaska must have a profound effect upon the future of this people. It is our hope that the school will function largely in enabling the rising generation to meet these new conditions. In a word, it is our aim to educate these boys and girls not away from Alaska but for Alaska, thus justifying our policy of community uplift through the development of Christian leadership.

We will first consider the department of mechanical and electrical engineering. The work properly begins in the drafting room, where the boys are taught to design various articles and pieces of machinery, so that they may not only with the proper equipment be able to execute these designs themselves, but, in the absence of such equipment, may use their designs in sending orders to replace broken machinery wherever it may be needed in their work as boatmen, engineers or machinists. In the machine shop the students are building a gasoline engine, the rough castings being the only materials not made in the shop. Thus they become wholly familiar with the machinery of these engines which are in such constant use everywhere throughout this section



Where the Furniture is Made

of Alaska. The large boiler room, with central heating plant, is used as a laboratory for teaching firing and steam engineering. In this connection, also, steamfitting is taught. Another important feature of this department is the care and maintenance of the school electrical plant. Owing to the heavy cost of coal, we are now installing a steam electrical heating plant, and this work is all being done by the students under the direction of the head of the department. This department is also charged with the responsibility of the care and repair of all the machinery in the institution.

Equally encouraging have proved the results of the department of wood and metal work. The instruction begins with such simple articles as paper knives, coat hangers, ornamental pieces and extends through the making of chairs, umbrella stands, tables, ornamental designs in copper and brass work, and includes boat building and general carpentry work. As in all the other

departments, it is the aim of this one in particular to enable the boys to build and furnish their own homes, construct and repair their own boats, using the skill of their hands not only in their home building, but in earning their living. Although this department has been organized only two years, the display of work is truly wonderful and worthy of emulation in all our industrial institutions.

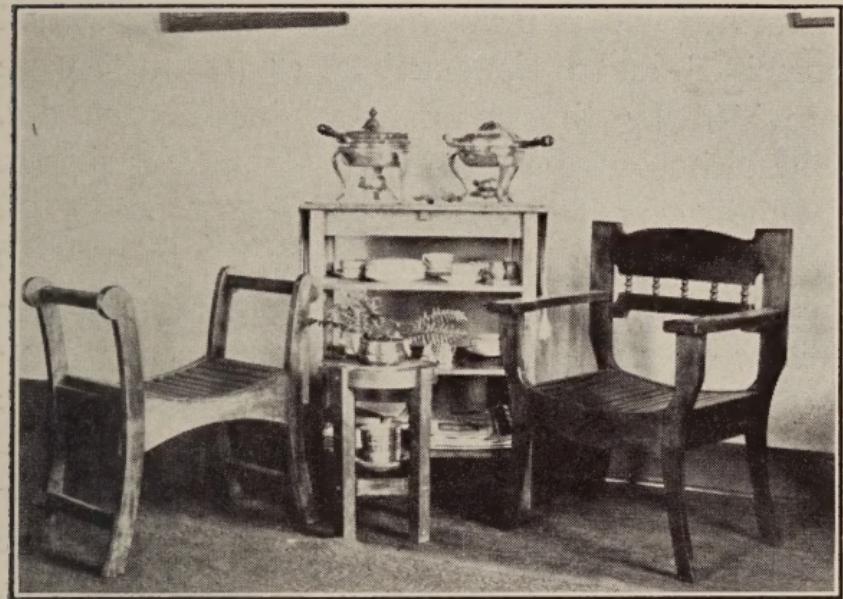
The girls have fully kept pace with the boys in taking advantage of the special instruction offered them along the line of household arts. This work has been carried on under two heads, first, domestic science; second, domestic art. The work of both departments has been carefully correlated so as to give training in all that pertains to clean, sanitary, attractive and comfortable home life. In the domestic art department complete outfits are made for all the girls, including all underclothing and dresses used. Each girl has an outfit of five dresses, the uniform being made of blue galatea. The girls present a fine appearance in their dress uniforms. I doubt if in any school there could be demonstrated greater progress in domestic art than has been shown by these students in the two years that the department has been organized. From simple plain sewing they have progressed to the point of the organization of a dressmaking class, which makes silk waists and tailored suits and gowns, and last spring they furnished the white silk wedding dress of one of the teachers. They have also shown wonderful skill in making men's flannel shirts, and I am told these are not easily



Saturday Mending

made. The teaching includes hemstitching of sheets and pillow cases, the making of tufted comfortables, instruction in dyeing, stenciling, fancy work, making curtains and other articles of home furnishing and decoration; the cultivation of native arts is also encouraged. So busy are the girls in the work of this department that the room devoted to its use has become too small, and larger quarters will have to be provided. One gets the impression that instead of being a teaching department it is in reality a garment factory.

The results of the domestic science teaching cannot be shown so clearly in a display as they can be appreciated by those who have had the privilege of putting the department to a gastronomical test. In order properly to evaluate the progress of this work one should first visit the homes in the native village. It is unthinkable



Furniture Made in the Carpenter Shop

that our girls, after their instruction in plain and invalid cookery, canning and preserving, home sanitation, the art of serving and systematic housekeeping will ever be content with a repetition of such unsanitary conditions as prevail in the homes of the old natives. They may not carry out all the ideas that they have learned, but they are bound to be greatly influenced by them. One other practical feature of this department is the canning of meats, such as venison, and the implied lesson of making provision ahead for the lean months of the year when the deer are not plentiful.

I can only make a brief allusion to the model cottage in which a most excellent and delectable course dinner was served by the domestic science students. This cottage was an old tumble-down, abandoned building, which the girls cleaned, painted, papered and actually reclaimed. It was

decorated with curtains of cheese cloth, dyed and stencilled, and various articles of furniture were provided by the manual training department. The dishes were a gift of the Dana Hall girls at Wellesley, and many of the kitchen utensils and other articles were purchased by the sale to the boys of candy which had been made in the domestic science room. It was all done very inexpensively and in a way that can be copied by the girls in their own homes.

While the natives show a special aptitude for industrial training, their progress in the grade work of the class rooms is most encouraging. One noticeable and very striking feature is the entire absence of disciplinary problems, which would indicate an interest in the work that is quite exceptional. The same high standards that characterize our industrial training obtain in the academic training.

These natives are very fond of music and display a great deal of talent along this line. The Christmas cantata, which was repeated for my benefit, was most creditable, and the musical director was engaged in teaching these pupils the Hallelujah Chorus during my visit.

Daily emphasis is placed upon the development of Christian character as the only true foundation for community service. The Bible is taught daily in the school room; the school prayer meeting is held every Sunday afternoon, in which the students take part quite readily; and each evening the dormitory prayer service is conducted either by matrons or teachers for the girls and by the Superintendent or one of his



A Boat and Its Builder

male assistants for the boys. I found these dormitory prayer meetings rich in opportunity for personal work and practical discussion of the problems of daily living. It should be borne in mind that all Christian workers among primitive peoples face exceptionally difficult conditions. It is much easier to implant the idea of personal salvation than the gospel of Christian service. To teach them what Christ meant when He said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these ye did it unto Me" is not an easy task. The gospel of service is being emphasized at the Sheldon Jackson School.

One of the most delightful incidents of my stay in Sitka was the anniversary dinner given at the home of the pastor of the native church, Rev. Robert J. Diven, by the session of the white church in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary

of the marriage of two native couples, Mr. and Mrs. Cook and Mr. and Mrs. Willie Wells, who were the first to be married in accordance with our customs in the native church. This was followed by a reception in one of the native homes, tendered in our honor by former students and graduates of the Sitka Training School. Everywhere that I met in my journey graduates or former students of our school, the effect of their training, both in their home conditions and general character, seemed most marked, and the teachers were loud in their commendation of the results of the work of former years as evidenced in the children of former students who are now attending the school.

But even in the midst of all the encouraging conditions at the school there is a sad side to the work which has to be considered, namely, the appalling physical needs of these people. We shall have to have a trained nurse for the school, and I do not believe that any one of the force will be able to contribute more substantially to the future welfare and usefulness of the pupils than this worker.

It seems almost inconceivable that while so much has been done for the Indians of the plains, for the people of the Philippine Islands and for Porto Rico, in the way of sanitation, these natives who have been the wards of the nation for forty-seven years should have been almost entirely neglected in this respect. According to the information which I have, there is not a single Government hospital in all Alaska, and only one hospital of any kind—our own at Haines—that



### The Official Uniform is Effective and Becoming

is being maintained for the benefit of the natives of Alaska; nor are there any homes for the aged or incurables, although these are sadly needed. This has not been due to any lack of interest on the part of the Bureau of Education. These needs have been clearly recognized, but, for some unaccountable reason, Congress has apparently been indifferent in the matter of suitable appropriations. While the Church has been minister-



Made by the Boys

ing to their spiritual needs, and the Government and Church together have been supplying educational facilities, all agencies have failed to meet the fundamental problem of physical regeneration.

The question may be asked, as indeed it has been, "What is the use of attempting to save a dying race?" and, secondly, "Can the race be saved?" I have little patience with Christian men and women who ask the first question, but shall reply most emphatically that on commercial grounds alone we should save these people. They ought to become a very valuable asset in the new economic development of the entire territory of Alaska. When properly trained and disciplined they make excellent workmen. Their natural adaptation to the climatic conditions should prove

a valuable commercial asset. In the name of common humanity, in the name of the gospel of the brotherhood of man as well as for commercial reasons, I do not hesitate to say that they should be saved.

Can they be regenerated physically? Possibly not as a race; but as individuals without hesitation I answer in the affirmative. The introduction of proper sanitary measures by the Government; the development of educational systems by both Church and State; and the ministry of spiritual advisors, working hand in hand would form a combination of agencies that in ten years would completely transform, rebuild and place on the sure path to health and prosperity this people.

“Ueber allen gipfeln ist ruh,” says Goethe. Each morning during my stay at Haines, I looked out from the cheerful staff dining room and beheld the snow-capped mountain peaks glistening in the rising sun high above the semi-shrouded, half-lighted lowlands, coast and valleys, and as I stood gazing in silent wonder, the thought came, “There is light on the peaks,” light as well as the “rest” which Goethe found,—to me a token of a new day’s dawning, the beginning of a new era for these gentle, simple hearted natives,—an era of physical regeneration, industrial transformation, intellectual development and spiritual rebirth.

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1918

# NUTSHELL ITEMS



## SHELDON JACKSON SCHOOL Sitka, Alaska

*Co-educational boarding school*

### Location and History

1880—Mission day school opened in Government guard house. A few boys begged to live at the school and in order to do this provided their own food and bedding.

1882—School building erected under the direction of Dr. Sheldon Jackson.

1884—Home for girls moved from Ft. Wrangel to Sitka and a second home built, Mrs. McFarland, Principal. The united schools formed the beginning of the Sitka Industrial and Training School.

1900—School thoroughly equipped for industrial and academic work, henceforth to be known as Sheldon Jackson School in honor of Dr. Sheldon Jackson, "pioneer organizer and missionary, by whose foresight and missionary zeal the large tract of land comprising the school's property had been secured and through whose untiring effort and wholesome enthusiasm the buildings had been erected, the equipment furnished and the work maintained."

1918—The school plant comprises four dormitories, designed to accommodate one hundred and fifty pupils, a school building containing a gymnasium, central heating plant with steam laundry attached, the industrial building containing machine and carpenter shop and hydroelectric power plant and a print shop. Besides these buildings, there are the Sheldon Jackson Museum and three cottages for the families of the married workers. Pupils enrolled, 155. Pupils come from more than twenty communities of southeastern Alaska.

### Course of Study and Facts of Interest

The course of study comprises the usual graded course of instruction from the first grade to the

eighth. To this course has recently been added high school instruction. Along with the grade work the pupils receive a thorough industrial education. This means sewing, cooking, laundry work and house-work for the girls and steam firing, machine shop, carpenter shop and print shop work for the boys. Of first importance in the training of the Alaskan children is their spiritual and physical education. To this end Bible instruction is given in all the grades and systematic physical training, under competent directors, required of all pupils.

During the summer months the older pupils are employed in the salmon canneries or on the fishing boats supplying the canneries. The younger pupils remain at the school for a summer course of study, which is a modification of the winter course arranged to strengthen the pupils in their weaker points. Camping, picnics and other special features enter into the summer life of the children. These provide change of environment and sufficient variety of activities to keep up the spirits of the girls and boys and to maintain their health.

The Thlinget Presbyterian Church is situated on the school grounds; the pupils attend all of the services, the majority of them being members. Last year twenty-six united with the church.

## Aims

To build up sound, strong bodies.

To train the girls in the art of Christian home-making and the boys as competent wage earners.

To develop Christian leadership.

## Results and Outlook

Almost without exception the leaders in patriotic and civic enterprises in all of the native villages of Southeastern Alaska were at one time pupils in Sheldon Jackson School. They are now holding responsible offices in the newly organized governments of the local communities, and are active in Red Cross work and in urging food conservation among their own people.

Woman's Board of Home Missions  
of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.  
156 Fifth Avenue, New York

*The story of their work  
"the Twisted girls"*

SHELDON JACKSON  
SCHOOL *from* WITHIN

*by*

MARY ELIZABETH MACKUBBIN

Woman's Board of Home Missions  
of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.  
156 Fifth Avenue, New York

# SHELDON JACKSON SCHOOL *from* WITHIN

*by*

MARY ELIZABETH MACKUBBIN

GIRL DEAR,

Only a week since I arrived, and yet how much has been crowded into that time! The trip over from Juneau was the hardest part of the journey because of its utter loneliness. Long stretches of forest, inaccessible heights of snow and lonely waters made me feel that I was indeed going to a far-distant land. We arrived at Sitka in the rain; I expected this for I had heard of Southeastern Alaska as the land of rain. Indeed they tell the story of a native here who, when asked by a disappointed tourist whether it always rained in Sitka, after due consideration replied, "Well, *sometime* it snow."

Then came meeting the workers—we arrived when they were in the middle of dinner—seeing the school, unpacking, planning my course of work, and getting adjusted to the new order of things. My initiation was putting the little girls to bed on Sunday night. Monday I was hard at it and have been ever since, and ever more shall be, I suppose. "Do I like it?" I hear you ask. Well, to be honest, I'm too homesick yet to know. But it's all so different from what I expected. The children are so impassive, so stolid, so unresponsive that I wonder whether I shall ever have what I long for—friendship with those I teach.

But to descend to sordid details—can you imagine my getting up at six-thirty with any degree of cheerfulness? It's so much earlier than seven o'clock, and even now it's quite dark at that time. But it has to be done! After breakfast, dishes must be washed, dormitories cleaned and beds made, and so the day goes. Why is it that I never realized the vast amount of a missionary's time that is put in on manual work? I assure you that it never entered into my scheme of things that I should spend some three hours a day keeping order in the dining-room and seeing that the dishes are washed properly. But thus it is decreed, and perhaps it isn't so much what one does as the way one does it. What do you think?

Write to your discouraged

MARY.

S. J. S., November 28, 19—.

DEAR GIRL,

Yes, it's more than a month since I wrote that wail. Of course you know that I feel better now. The work has to be done—meals must be prepared and cleared up, the laundry work must be done, and classes must be met, but now I seem a part of it and that makes a difference.

No, this isn't the old woman who lived in the shoe, but her first cousin—I, me, myself! Haven't you just a life-size picture of me in that rôle? All I can remember of her activities is that "she whipped them all soundly and put them to bed." That (the putting to bed, *not* the whipping) is the end of my tasks. First, I get them out of bed—it's like pulling teeth these cold mornings—and have setting-

up exercises in the South dormitory. Then when the last bow is tied, the last shoe laced, the last apron buttoned, I line them up and have them repeat the golden text before marching over to breakfast, or rather that is my aim. Sometimes we almost "get late", and hair-ribbons are neglected and unlaced shoes unnoticed. When one is a dozen places at once, all is well; otherwise, some of the yotngsters slight things. Who can blame them? Did you ever just pull up your bed, or leave a pile of dust in the room, or forget the corner of the stairs, when you were ten or twelve?

Roll-call comes just before chapel. My family, thirty-six in number, form in a circle in the hall to receive work assignments from me. The same thing happens at noon. Besides, I must always see that hands are washed and hair brushed before meals and that my children are ready for walking at half-past four. And in between times, what don't I do! If you could only see the endless baskets of laundry that the boys dump on the long table in the mending rooms until it looks as high as Mt. Verstovia! But somehow we get it sorted and mended and each girl's clothing neatly piled in place ready for Saturday.

This morning I found the girls all lined up in the playroom in a solemn circle. "Annie Allen is giving a treat," I was informed. She had a bag of graham crackers; after counting them several times, she started to give them out, but when she was two-thirds of the way around, the weakness of Annie's arithmetic appeared—the supply gave out! Dismay was written on Annie's usually happy face, and naturally disappointment on the faces of those

who were left. Luckily I had some crackers myself, so came to the rescue and all were satisfied. I have noticed that when the girls have food they are usually generous and give with a free hand while it lasts. But that's **the** native of it! It's all the present with them. I heard that when the natives in the village got electric lights, they just pitched their oil lamps out on the beach, not thinking that they might have to use them sometimes (our lights sometimes fail), or that they might sell the lamps. One of the best boys in the school, when he thought that the skating for the season was over, simply threw his skates out of the window—he was through with them for the present, why keep them? This theory might work well on overcrowded attics, but it's the same way here with borrowed boats, oars or tools. When the native is through with them, he never thinks of ever wanting to use them again. It's hard to have patience with people who have no sense of property, their own or other people's, or its care.

I had my first thrill of missionary work when I realized the possibilities of mothering these youngsters and the importance of their home training. That's the part the matron has to supply. Probably I'll be at it only a few weeks, as I am doing this work just until other arrangements can be made—the real matron was sick and had to leave—but I do want to make my time count.

The nicest part is putting them to bed. This is done in relays; the little ones go while the older ones are at study hour. We play games first—*London Bridge*, *Did You Ever See a Lassie*, *Miss Mary Johnson*, and other singing games for little folks. Then I tell a Bible

story, and we review others or recite Bible verses; often we sing a couple of hymns. Then I go upstairs with them and see that they all wash and take off their underclothes. Then I tuck them in. By that time the others are usually back from study hour, and we go through practically the same performance, except that instead of playing games with them, I read to them. Just now we are reading "Polyanna". By nine all are in bed and quiet, and I am at peace until six-thirty the next morning.

If I were exactly twice as old, it would be better, for then perhaps I should be more willing to stay at home and be on tap all day. I have found that one just can't run away from a family of thirty-six, and my Saturday afternoons seem few and far between. Still they are a special dispensation of Providence, for if I were the regular matron I shouldn't get even Saturday afternoons. Maybe some day I'll stop wanting to have good times, but at present life is strong within me.

Yours, developing unsuspected patience and determined never to grow old,

MARY.

January 10, 19—.

DEAR GIRL,

What an angel you were to send me those silk stockings! One might think you were a missionary yourself and knew their inmost longings. Do you remember those red silk stockings I threw away before I came here, thinking they wouldn't be proper? The world is still strong within me, for I wish for those aforesaid red hose right this minute.

I must tell you of our young stoic, Paul

Waydelick, by name. While cutting a button off his trousers, somehow he cut a hole in his stomach. When discovered, he was sewing up the wound with black thread and pushing the needle through his flesh with the blade of his knife! Do you suppose he has any nervous system at all?

Paul's father is a Yale graduate, his mother a native. It seems hard to me to explain the educated man who comes here, marries and settles down to be a squaw-man. Many of the children are of mixed blood; some are proud of it, others are insulted when it is mentioned. It seems, however, that those who have white blood, if they live in the right way, are admitted into the society of the white people in a way that would never be thought of in the case of a person of even the slightest degree of negro blood. I think that this is a hopeful indication of what the future of some of the children may be.

Yet native traits will out! The other night as I was putting the girls to bed, I noted that one seemed to have something the matter with her arm. Upon investigation I found that seventeen of the thirty-seven girls had initials and numbers pricked on their arms. Some had their own initials, others those of the boys. And mind you, they did it with a *pin*, then took red crêpe paper, wet it and rubbed it in! Shades of the pathogenic organisms we studied under the microscope! Memories of my course in bacteriology made me shudder. Some of the girls had been here for several years, and *knew* of the existence of germs. I gave them a brief but vivid talk on the subject and thereupon applied the strongest disinfectant I could find. It surely made them

dance and I punished them into the bargain. Today all the arms are healing, but the scars will be there for months.

Such is the life of a missionary!

MARY.

March 14, 19—.

“DEAR FRIEND:

“I will now write and tell you about myself. I am getting on fine in this school. All the girls love me . . . ”

No, I’m not crazy, I’m showing you the polite S. J. S. way of starting a letter. I’ve seen these phrases many times in the girls’ letters.

I am back at my regular job again—have been for several weeks now. The teaching goes lots better after the experience of living with the girls and taking care of them.

Tonight in prayer-meeting Kathlean spoke—you have heard of him—the old chief, long ago a bad man. Usually he speaks very calmly, but tonight he was excited and gesticulated and talked very emphatically. I was ever so much interested, although I couldn’t understand a word. Afterwards I asked some of the girls what he said. They told me that he said that when he was a young man he was bad and was always very unhappy, but after he became a Christian, he was happy and found great comfort in prayer; that as his wife was sick at the Juneau hospital, where she had just undergone an operation, he was very much worried, and found his only help in prayer. He certainly is a fine example of what the grace of God can do. One afternoon, when I was teaching in the native Sunday-school in the village, Kathlean came to

the door and asked for his adopted son, Richard, who was in my class. Richard went to the door; Kathlean just patted his shoulder and motioned him to take his seat. He just wanted to be absolutely sure that Richard was in Sunday-school.

I'd like to be *sure* that the boat is coming in tomorrow. I'm anxiously awaiting your letter, and mail once a week *maybe* isn't all it's cracked up to be.

Perhaps some day I'll sprout wings and wait patiently, but then it will no longer be your

MARY.

July 14, 19—.

GIRL DEAR,

The large girls are now out in camp at Cedar Grove in Kittiansky Bay, and another teacher and I went out for a few days' visit. The girls have a large tent and sleep on boughs of hemlock, covered over with quilts. The teachers have a small tent with camp beds. There is besides a kitchen tent for the little camp stove and the supplies, although most of the cooking for the girls is done over an open fire. At high tide the water comes almost to the tent pegs, but at low tide there is a nice beach.

The girls live out in the row boats. One day we had some king salmon. It surely tasted good, fried with bacon over an open fire. Doesn't it make your mouth water?

The natives enjoy the bathing, but the water is too cold for a white person to get much enjoyment out of it, except on warm days—and they are few and far between.

Sunday afternoon it was raining a little. The girls had a smudge to keep the mosquitoes and

gnats away, and we held a meeting sitting around the fire. We sang hymns and the matron read the *Christian Endeavor* topic and spoke. It was an informal little meeting but one that lingers in my memory.

One thing that pleases me is the willingness of the older pupils to teach Sunday-school classes. Occasionally during the winter I was absent and one of the older boys taught my class. When the teachers need a substitute, the boys and girls willingly take their places. Without intending any invidious comparison, they do much better than you used to.

Yours, strong for truth,

MARY.

September 12, 19—.

GIRL DEAR,

Tonight I want to tell you the story of Mary Nook, the witch girl, so settle down in a nice, cosy, comfortable chair and listen. In the year 1917 it seems a long cry back to the days of witchcraft at Salem. But belief in witches is a thing of the present in Alaska. The natives, even those who have had education, yes, and the Christians, are so steeped in such beliefs from their birth that they cannot throw them off easily. Here is an account of a recent instance. I have no explanation to offer. Theories differ from hypnotism to plain falsehood. Through the interest and efforts of Mr. Beattie, a former superintendent of the Sheldon Jackson School, Mary Nook was put in the school. She was indentured, but with the understanding that she would be sent out if her influence seemed harmful to the other girls. But what happened is all part of the story the natives tell with such vividness.

One night a man picked his way over some unrepainted sidewalk in a native section of Juneau. It was dark, but he walked as one accustomed to the place. Soon he stopped and knocked at a house. A girl of twelve opened the door. She had an alert face with snappy black eyes. As the light fell on the man's face, it revealed a strong resemblance between them. He did not lift his eyes, and suddenly one realized that for all his assured walk he was blind.

He ordered the girl to go out into the dark night with him. She stepped out at once, obedient to her father, for her father it was. They walked rapidly down to the beach. Then suddenly, as the story goes, the man changed into a large duck. Mary sat on his back and was soon borne across the channel to the native graveyard. There her father changed back into a man. Mary did not seem at all surprised.

"Now you listen," he said hoarsely, as he pointed from grave to grave, "See that grave? I witched that man and he died. That woman who lies there, she laughed at me one day—I pay her back. Now she make fun of me no more, I can make boats good, even though I can't see. There are many things that I *can* see. And there are others, too—there and there. I killed them all. They're no friends of mine. Some I got money to witch. Now come close, and I whisper how I do it."

The moon came out from behind a heavy bank of clouds, and for a moment silhouetted the forms of the man and the slim girl, as they stood whispering together. Then the moon went into the clouds again and soon a big duck, with its human burden, was swim-

ming the channel. Very late Mary crept into the house and got to bed.

A few nights later when Mary was coming in with a bucket of water, her father suddenly stood before her.

“Come!” he said imperatively, and instantly he changed into a big raven. Mary just had time to catch hold of his big toe as he rose and flew over the channel. Mary could see the water gleaming beneath them; she closed her eyes and held more tightly. Then soon they were above the cemetery and the raven descended among the graves. At once the raven changed into her father. The instructions of a few nights before as to charms and witching were continued.

“You are getting to be a big girl now, there is much for you to learn,” he said.

So Mary learned how to “witch,” even learned how to change herself into a dog and go deep down into graves, the natives say.

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*     \*

The blow had fallen—Mary had to go away to school. Mr. Beattie, the superintendent of the mission school, had been after her father for a long time and had finally brought such pressure to bear that he reluctantly consented to let her go to school. Those who tell the story say that Mary said nothing, but that her heart burned with resentment that her freedom and newly gained power should be curtailed. Her father took her down to the boat. They said good-bye with no emotion and she started to a new life in the mission school at Sitka.

Reports of her coming had been circulating among the pupils, and “the witch” was given

a cold shoulder by some. She was a forlorn little figure at first in her old ill-fitting cloth suit and cloth cap, stolid and impassive, but when she appeared in a school uniform and gay new ribbons, she began to look more like a little girl.

She started to school in the primary class, but as the days went on and she learned more English she did better and better work. By degrees the girls ceased to avoid her because it was a tradition that "she can't witch here, because it is school."

Gradually she became more responsive. She was obedient to her matron and teachers and cheerful and thorough in her work. No matter how much work was to be done, Mary was always ready to do her share without a cross word. At camp in the summer she showed herself wise in the way of the woods, and whether it was digging clams or catching the salmon in her hands, Mary was equal to any emergency.

On the 7th of January 19—, after a few years in the Sheldon Jackson School, Mary Nook joined the church. A thrill went over those who knew her history at the minister's words, "Mary, I baptise thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, Amen." The first part of her history is ended. With her ability, who can say what the second part will be? Let us hope that through the grace of God, the heritage of superstition and weakness may be overcome and that Mary Nook may show the power of God in her life.

Your

MARY.

November 20, 19—

## OH, GIRL, ARE YOU STILL MY FRIEND?

It's such a long time since I've written!  
But, oh, there has been so much to do!

The summer was an extremely busy time. When the matrons have vacations, one is quite likely to be called to be cook for the teachers or the children, take charge of the laundry work, or mother the children. I put my time in on the cooking jobs. I'm mighty glad now to be back again at teaching!

School started the middle of September. This year I am teaching the fourth and fifth grades in addition to my Domestic Science work. I do like it, although sometimes it is difficult to get a response, and I feel that the sentence that one of my boys wrote to make use of the word "agony" is quite true, "I always try to get my teacher's agony."

One of the hardest things is to get them to give an answer loud enough to be heard. A self-consciousness seems to creep over them in the class-room that makes good recitations difficult. The teachers constantly work to "bring the children out" and to encourage self-confidence and the power of expression.

On Saturday I took some of the girls out after cranberries. It was a dull day and the red sweaters of the girls looked very pretty against the browns of the swamp and the gray of the sky. The cranberries are no larger than the pit of a cherry. They grow in clusters on plants about three or four inches high. Most of these were gone, but we found swamp berries. These taste about the same as the Alaskan cranberry but are larger and grow flat on the ground on a hair-like stem. Often they are so deep in the moss that while stand-

ing up one can scarcely see them. It is a slow and back-breaking process to pick them. But we gathered over a gallon! Just as we were coming in, we heard a lot of noise and up came Mr. Schmidt and nine boys each with a deer on his back. What rejoicings! What a feast of roast meat on Sunday! We canned the cranberries and made jelly in the Domestic Science classes; now I am going to teach the girls to can venison.

I grow more practical every day. When I come home at the end of my three years, you'll never recognize

MARY ELIZABETH.

January 15, 19—.

HOW ARE YOU, GIRL?

As Tommy informed me in a written sentence, "We was been have our vacation one week"—and a fine Christmas vacation it was. Christmas day was very happy, from the carols that the boys sang in the early morning, the stockings, the tree and the dinner, to the entertainment at night. The afternoons of the week were spent in skating; there is nothing these youngsters enjoy more unless it is to "go picnic".

The girls had an "At Home" on New Year's Day for the boys. The boys called in the evening, and the girls served refreshments. I had my victrola in the sitting room to supply the music.

This year the boys come over nearly every Saturday evening to play games and sing. They seem to enjoy the privilege very much. Then once a month they have their social in the gymnasium as formerly. They are developing nicely along the social side. Certainly

it is an important part of their education to learn how to deport themselves with the other boys and girls.

I do not feel at all as I did when I first started in with the work. The children are so lovable after you get to know them, and it is certainly wonderful to see the way they develop after they start to "come out", as we say.

The first Sunday in the year was Communion Sunday. Twenty-four boys and girls joined the church. As I looked at the long line, I felt very happy. Oh, pray that the school may accomplish the work which it is attempting—that it may produce young men and women who are fitted to be wage-earners and home-makers, fitted to bring up the next generation to take its place in the social life of the community; but, most of all, pray that it may send forth young people who are Christians, young people who will let the Christ-light shine among their neighbors and friends.

Isn't it worth while to have even a small share in bringing this to pass?

MARY ELIZABETH MACKUBBIN.



# Andrew Johnson

*Coppersmith in Embryo*

By CHARLES L. JOHNS

~~THE~~ WOMAN'S BOARD OF HOME MISSIONS ~  
OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE U. S. A.

156 Fifth Avenue, New York

1c each, 50c per 100

# ANDREW JOHNSON

*Coppersmith in Embryo*

**A**NDREW was born in Sitka, and has never been away from his native home. He has read much about the outside world, and has a great desire to see other parts of Alaska and the rest of the United States, sometime.

When a lad of thirteen, Andrew lost his father who was drowned at sea while hunting fur seal. There were a number of crews from Sitka in small boats equipped with sails and oars. When last seen, Mr. Johnson and party were many miles out in the open sea leading the other boats in pursuit of the valuable game. A terrific storm arose suddenly and the men were obliged to land on Kruzof Island for shelter until the storm should abate. All the boats landed in safety except the fated one. This craft must have been capsized in the rough sea. The

boat drifted in later, but without the men and their belongings.

Not many months after, Andrew's mother died also, and the orphan boy has known no other home than the Sheldon Jackson School since that time. He has always been quick to learn and has stood high in his class in every grade.

As a trade, he has learned to hammer sheet copper and brass exceptionally well; and the past two summers he has made up many useful and decorative articles for sale to tourists. As a coppersmith, Andrew has advanced to such a point that he is planning to follow that trade, after finishing his school work. He wishes to complete high school first, so he will have as much education as possible as he goes into his life work.

He wants to open his own shop in Sitka, and cater to tourist trade.

High school training combined with his wide practical experience, should

'fit him well to follow the work of his choice.

He is naturally inventive, and very much more original than the average native youth. He picks up designs from magazines and books, works them over to suit his artistic taste, and then sets out to shape his metal in accordance with the drawings. And he is usually successful. In the small picture which accompanies this brief sketch, he is seen at the bench with hammer and anvil finishing a berry bowl like the one behind the candlestick and small fern dish on the bench.

*When you visit Sitka be sure to look up this  
"Coppersmith in Embryo"*

# SOUCTH- SHAN

(THE OLD HAT)

*By*

GEORGE J. BECK  
*Sitka Training School, Alaska*



THE WOMAN'S BOARD OF HOME MISSIONS  
OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH  
156 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK  
Price, 2 cents each, \$1.50 per 100

# SOUCTH-SHAN

(THE OLD HAT)

ONE spring day, sometime near the beginning of the present century, a party of men—native Alaskans they were—embarked in their canoe of red cedar-wood for a long trip in and out among the beautiful islands of Southeastern Alaska. The whole scene was one of wonderful beauty. The long arm of the calm Pacific washed the foot of the sloping hills and lofty mountains, fir-clad from the water's edge to the timber line, beyond that covered by the everlasting snows sparkling in the sunlight, or, when caught in the winter wind, whirling, drifting, into piles of dazzling purity, while here and there a rugged peak of black rock jutted out in all its ugliness, showing, by its contrast, the brilliance of the snow and the great strength of the mountain. Down below, circling about the heads of the natives, were countless birds—the gulls, pure white and gray; the stately eagle, sailing in majestic circles now far up in the blue, now nearer the water; and the ducks of many kinds. The natives, gliding swiftly on with the tide, added not a little to the picture. They were dressed in bright-colored blankets of mountain-sheep's wool, which had been dyed with

the juice of berries or with fish-skins. Their skins were dark, eyes keen, arms muscular and heads fur-capped. At the regular dip of their paddles they leaned far over the sides of their canoe, which was of marvelous workmanship, of such graceful lines that it rode the water like a native swan, darting, under the skillful touch of the steering paddle in the hands of their chief, Katlian, here and there, now close inshore, again far out in the Strait, as they worked against the tide or caught the currents from behind projecting points.

On and on they went day after day, camping at night around the fire heaped high with logs of spruce, throwing its glare far out on the water and its dancing shadows far up in the tree-tops. And as they ate their meal of dried fish and seaweed they talked of their trouble, for had not the Russians, powerful nation that they were, come down upon them with their great ships of war, taken their homes, enslaved their weaker comrades, built strong forts with the great onda-ooohna (ship-guns) in them? Had they not made laws which interfered with their liberties as free men, and threatened to kill them should they disobey?

Ah, because of these doings the hearts of the men about the fire were sad, and as they thought their sadness gave way to anger, and, knowing not Christ, their whole hearts—their very being—became filled with hatred, and their only thought became revenge? They knew from the

size of the Russian “gun-ten-youkh” (fire canoes) that they could not drive them out; but they could have revenge, and to the savage in the far Northland, and to the unregenerate American citizen to-day, revenge is sweet. So from this time their one purpose became the undoing of the Russians. Sleep, tired muscles, aching limbs all were forgotten, and springing up, Katlian at once set about carving his war-bonnet of red cedar-wood. It was a strange head-dress, weighing about ten or fifteen pounds, and very large, emblematic of his clan. A raven’s head with beak extended and opened to hold a strip of red blanket which meant, in their eyes, the life-blood of their enemies.

He finished it in the canoe as their journey progressed. At last, rounding the last point, they sighted the fort—formidable indeed, built of logs, two stories high, the great guns trained upon them from every side, and for a moment the stout hearts of the men failed.

But their chief rallied them, saying, “Brothers! My heart is strong! Follow me!” And follow him they did, right up to the door of the fort, until one by one his men had fallen and crept away to die or to bind up their wounds; and our chief, with his great helmet and his dauntless spirit, was left alone. With lifted spear he rushed straight at the door of the fort, and then, as the last shot rang out from the walls, he leaped into the air and fell motionless. For three

hours he lay there, until from beneath his helmet he saw the great door slowly opened, saw the commandant of the fort come from it, saw him approach cautiously, and strike at his head with his sword! This was Katlian's opportunity, and springing up with a yell which echoed across the bay, he attacked the officer, who panic-stricken, fled into the fort, leaving the door open, and up to the second story, where all the inmates were gathered.

Katlian entered, and, finding all the lower story filled with oil and fuel, he fired the building, and all its inmates perished in the flames.

Encouraged by their success, the survivors of the chief's band sailed on to the present site of the town of Sitka, and there prepared for the attack which they knew must follow as soon as the next fire-canoes arrived: collecting large stores of fish, of berries, of venison, building a bomb-proof cellar on what is now known as Government Park, between the bay and Indian River, and then when all things were ready, waiting anxiously for the first sign of the coming ships. At last, from the watch on Old Castle Hill, the cry came, "Oo-oo-o-o-h! Gun-ten-youkh hah-dah-yah na cokh!" (fire canoe is coming), and instantly all was excitement, the women and children hurrying into the mountains, the men entering the cellar. By this time the Russians had entered the harbor, and seeing nothing of the natives, supposed that,

frightened, they had taken to the wood. So two boats were sent ashore in command of two young officers, to obtain a supply of fresh water. But they were surprised by the natives, and all met their death in full sight of the ships in the bay. This action on the part of Katlian and his followers of course declared war, and the ships at once opened fire upon what they supposed to be a native village hidden among the trees. This bombardment continued for some hours, and, as Katlian kept his men hidden and absolutely quiet, the Russians became over-confident and, thinking all were killed, landed a large force, sending all their small boats ashore. Anticipating no resistance, they were marching up the beach when they were suddenly surrounded by an overwhelming force of determined natives, led in person by their terrible Katlian, always wearing his (now, to the natives, inspired) hat. Confident of victory, what cared they for death? And so they fought, until the Russians became exhausted, and, turning to regain their boats, found that the tide had receded, leaving them high and dry.

The ships were unable to send reinforcements, as all the boats were ashore, so the retreat became a rout, and many Russians were killed, leaving the field in the hands of the natives. These, again victorious, spent some time in feasting and in honoring their great war-chief. At last their provisions ran low, and volunteers were sent to the island

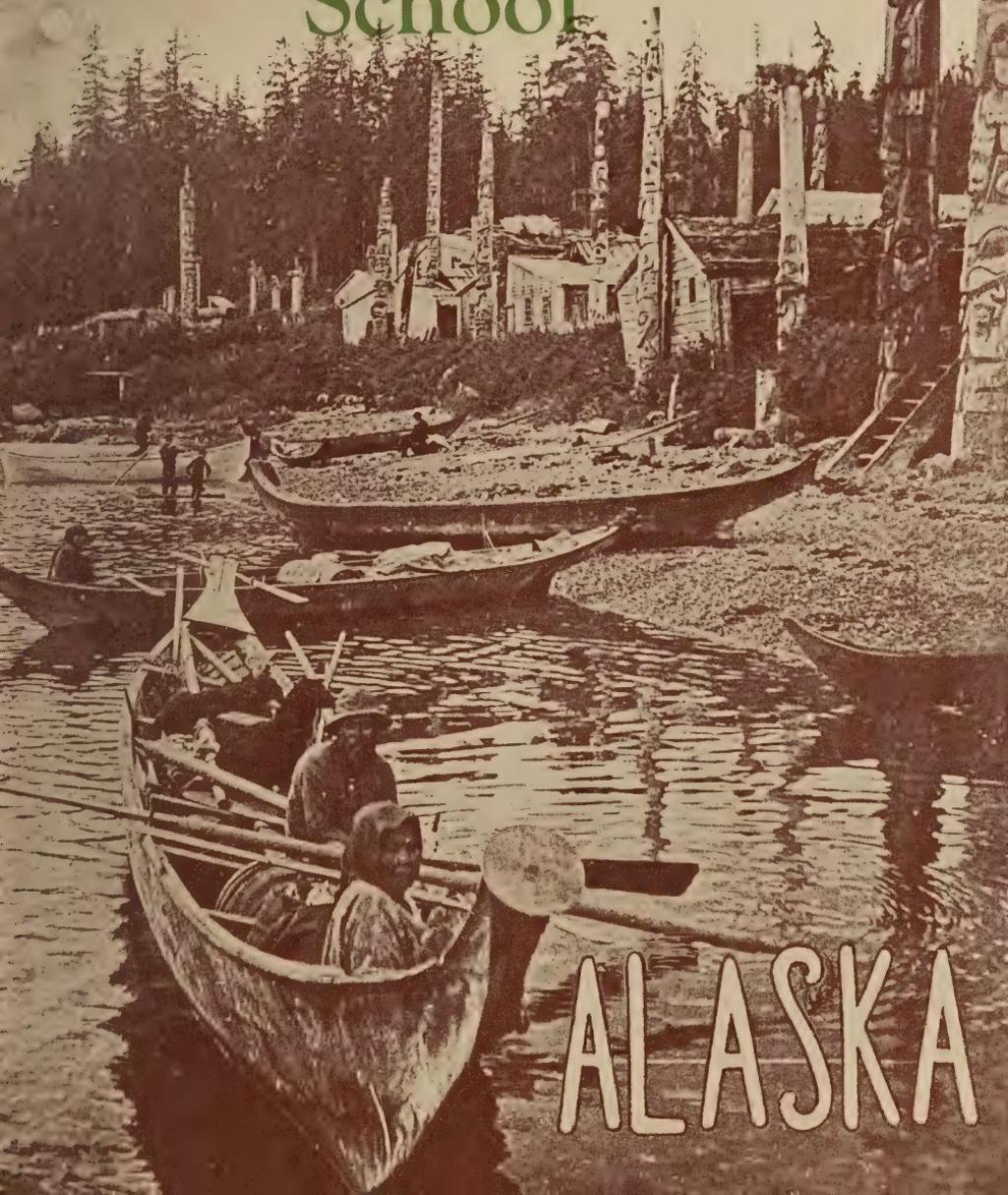
where their extra stores were hidden, only to find that the Russians had found and destroyed everything! Without food the natives were helpless. No course now but retreat up through the mountains, without food, without horses, without canoes. It fell to the lot of the women to carry the great War Hat; if they could carry their little ones and the hat all was well; but if one or the other must be sacrificed it must be the child, not because the Alaskan mother lacked mother-love, but because she reverenced the hat above all things.

Now, three generations later, in the office of the Sitka Training School, stands old Katlian, whose life also has been one war of heathenism, a direct descendant of that first Katlian upon whom the honor and office of head-chief of his clan had fallen. Surrounded by his sub-chiefs, he tells this fierce old story to the missionaries, who listen with glowing hearts. As the old man talks he holds the hat in his hands; as he comes to the field of war he stands erect, his eyes flash fire, his hands clench, he is living again the old scene—once again he is the old warrior! But, as he nears the end, he proffers the hat to the missionaries, and says, as the tears start from his eyes, "Now take, my brothers. I have tried to be a Christian and keep these old things. But I cannot do it. I could sell this for a hundred and fifty dollars, but I don't want the money. Take it: destroy it, put it in the museum—any-

thing you like. And as I give you this I give up my past life, my old superstitions, and my sin, as all envy, strife, malice, witchcraft, and all selfishness, and take the American flag for my emblem and the Lord Jesus Christ as my Guide and Saviour!"

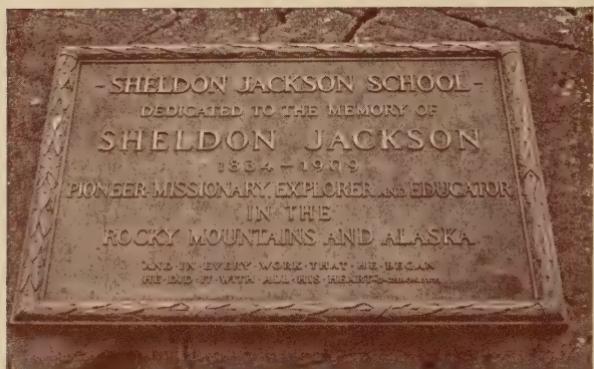
This is the story of the old hat, given simply to illustrate the power of their old superstitions, but the greater power of the Holy Spirit working in the hearts of the Alaskan natives. Some years have passed since that day, but Katlian is still firm in the faith of the Lord Jesus Christ. He has passed through many trials, but has passed through them all victoriously.

# Sheldon Jackson School



ALASKA

# Sheldon Jackson



## A LARGE ROCK ON THE CAMPUS BEARS THE TABLET HERE SHOWN

The Presbyterian School at Sitka is named in honor of Sheldon Jackson in recognition of his work as missionary explorer and educator throughout all the great territory of Alaska

**P**UPILS come from more than twenty communities in Southeastern Alaska. Enrollment 136. Course covers from first grade through High School—includes industrial education—sewing, cooking, laundry and housework for girls, steam firing, carpentry, machine and print shop work for boys.

### Aim

- To build up strong bodies
- To train girls as Christian home-makers and boys as competent wage earners
- To develop competent Christian citizens

### Results

"Almost without exception the leaders in patriotic and civic enterprises, in the societies of the Alaska Native Brotherhood, and on the official boards of the native churches in all of the native villages of Southeastern Alaska were at one time pupils in Sheldon Jackson School."



A Raven totem, the genuine genealogical tree of the Raven family which records not only ancestry but deeds of valor. Descent is traced through the mother's line

# hool, Sitka, Alaska

LARGE BOYS'  
BUILDING



RICHARD  
ALLEN  
MEMORIAL



LARGE GIRLS'  
BUILDING

## Sitka and Its Environs



MT. EDGECOMBE, SOMETIMES CALLED "THE ALASKAN FUJI," IS AN EXTINCT CRATER SITUATED EIGHTEEN MILES ACROSS THE BEAUTIFUL BAY FROM SITKA. THIS MOUNTAIN IS SNOW-CAPPED MOST OF THE YEAR.



Photo by Merrill

"SITKA, NESTLING AT THE BASE OF MT. VERSTOVIA"

## Athletics Contribute Health and Happiness



WE'RE PROUD OF THESE SHELDON JACKSON BOYS WHO HAVE THE RECORD OF NEVER LOSING A GAME!



A STRONG BODY IS THE ENEMY OF DISEASE AND THE ALLY OF A SOUND MIND AND SPIRIT

## How Domestic Science is Taught

THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE TABLE AND SERVICE ARE MADE AN INTERESTING STUDY.



A TUMBLEDOWN BUILDING RECLAIMED BY GIRLS OF THE DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASS



SLEEPING QUARTERS ARE CROWDED BUT ADAPTABLE

*Model  
Cottage*

## Changes in Alaska From the Old Communal House



OLD COMMUNITY HOUSES

## To the New Village with Separate Houses



Gardens and Clean Streets

# Sheldon Jackson School

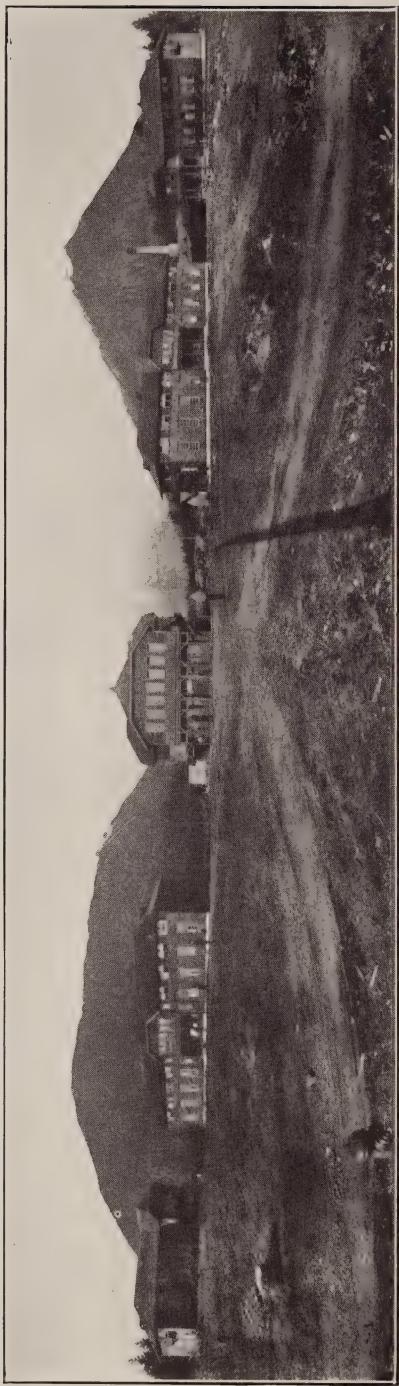
Sitka, Alaska

An Industrial School for Native  
Alaskans

Supported and Controlled by  
The Woman's Board of Home Missions  
of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A.

156 Fifth Avenue  
New York

1912



## AIM

THE aim of the school is to give native Alaskan boys and girls an all-around education under Christian influences. And to this end there is a course of study through the eighth grade, a course in domestic science, a course in domestic art, a course in carpentry and boat building, a course in electrical work and machine work, with special reference to gasoline engines, and how to run and repair them.

The study of the Bible is given a prominent place throughout the course.

We hope to make our boys and girls self-supporting, self-reliant men and women.

## FACULTY

MR. E. G. BRIDGHAM, A.B.  
Superintendent

MR. GEORGE J. BECK  
Instructor of Carpentry and Boat Building

MR. HERBERT B. FENN, B.Sc.  
Instructor of Electrical and Mechanical Engineering

MISS SARAH A. HAINES  
Teacher of Grammar Grades

MISS EDNA McGRAW  
Teacher of Intermediate Grades

MISS SALLIE DINSMORE  
Teacher of Primary Grades

MISS JEANETTE C. DINGMAN, B.S.  
Teacher of Domestic Science

MRS. LULU R. LANCESTER  
Teacher of Domestic Art

MISS BERTHA H. WINNARD  
Head Matron

MISS ANNA M. SHEETS  
Children's Kitchen Matron

MISS ALLETA DE BOER  
Teachers' Kitchen Matron

MISS MABEL A. McDILL  
Young Boys' Matron

MISS LAURA D. MIDGLEY  
Young Girls' Matron

MISS HENRIETTE DROST  
Laundry Matron

MISS ESTHER GIBSON  
Nurse

MR. WILLIAM WELLS  
Night Watchman

## General Information

**P**UPILS must be 12 years of age and must pass a physical examination.

Pupils must agree to remain at the school until the close of the school year, or until June 1, following the date of entering.

All pupils will be furnished with a uniform, two suits of underwear, stockings, and two nightgowns.

A fee of \$25 will be charged as a partial payment for these clothes.

All other clothing the pupils must furnish themselves.

There will be no charge for board and room.

The pupils care for their own rooms and are required to keep them clean. Cleanliness in general is emphasized all the time.

Pupils must assist in doing general work about the buildings and grounds when necessary.

Pupils are required to attend church and Sunday school on Sunday, to attend church Sunday evening and Wednesday evening.

Boys are not allowed to leave the grounds except by permission.

The girls are not allowed to leave the grounds unless accompanied by a matron or teacher, their parents, or some one having authority to take them.

No pupil is allowed to leave the grounds on Sunday.

Each dormitory is in charge of a competent matron.



Class in Domestic Science

THE Domestic Science Department is very completely equipped for courses in home cooking and serving, home nursing, and laundry work. The aim of this department is to train the native girl to be an intelligent home maker.



Class in Domestic Art

**I**N the beginning classes in the Domestic Art Department, the girls have plain sewing on their own cooking outfits and muslin undergarments.

In the advanced class they draft their own patterns to measure, cut, fit, and make both cotton and wool dresses.

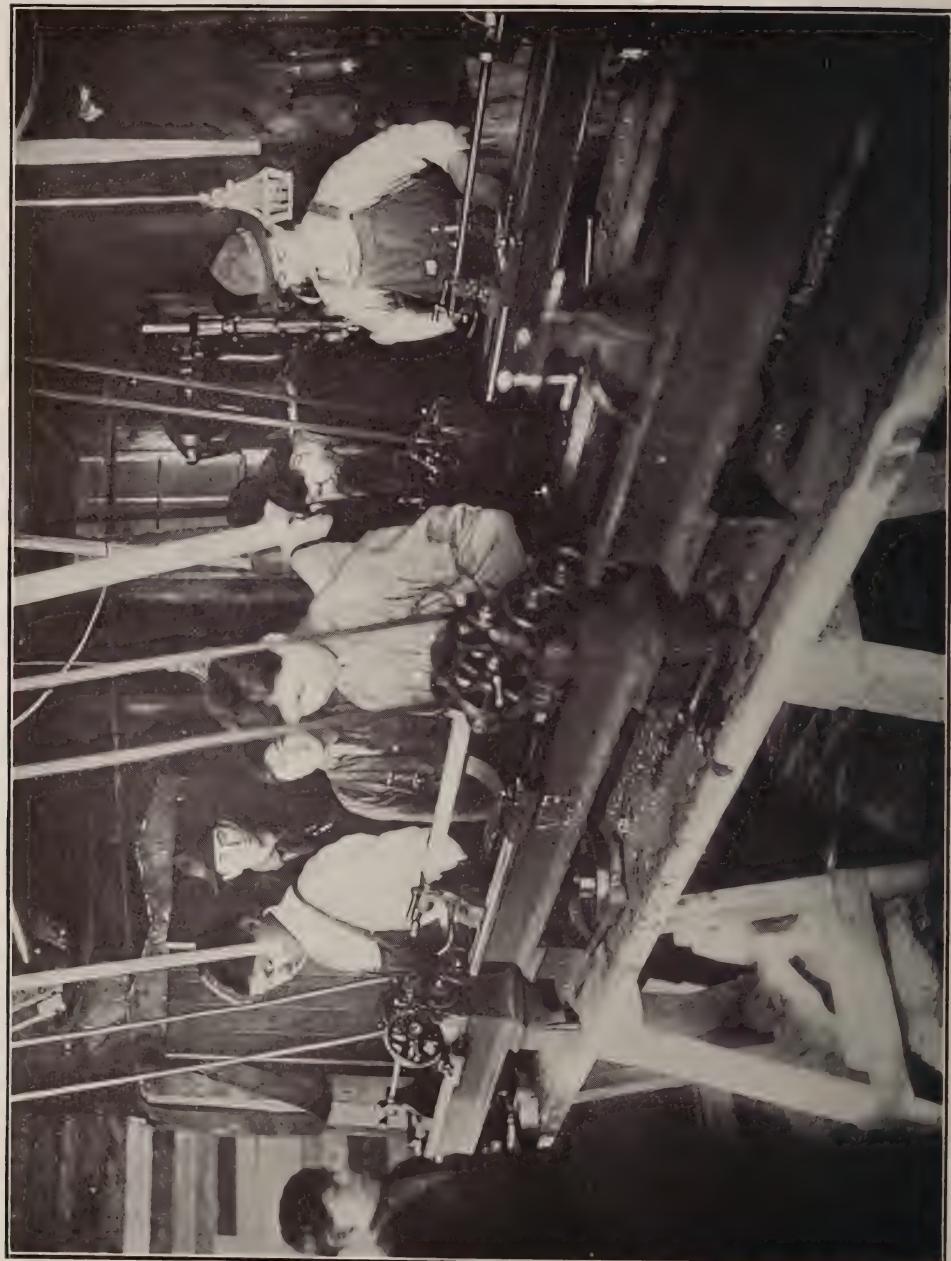
Knitting, crocheting, embroidery, rag rug weaving, and Alaskan basketry are also taught.



Boilers

**F**OR the students who desire to become firemen and engineers, instruction is given in the operation and care of boilers, engines, and pumps. The proper methods of firing are also considered. Such steam and hot water fitting as is required around our plant is undertaken with the view of grounding the students in the underlying principles of such work.

In all departments each student will be advanced as rapidly as his ability will permit.



Machine Shop

THE object of the Mechanical Department is to give the student groundwork in elementary mechanical work and to make him familiar with the various tools found in an average machine shop. Each student is given a series of related exercises in bench work and on the engine lathe, shaper, and drill press. This work is of a practical nature with the idea of imparting skill and knowledge of the various processes through which a piece of work must pass before completion. Such repair work as comes to the shop is used in connection with the regular work, thus giving the students a chance to become familiar with such repairs as will be met with in everyday work. As the pupils become more proficient, the construction of various machines is undertaken.

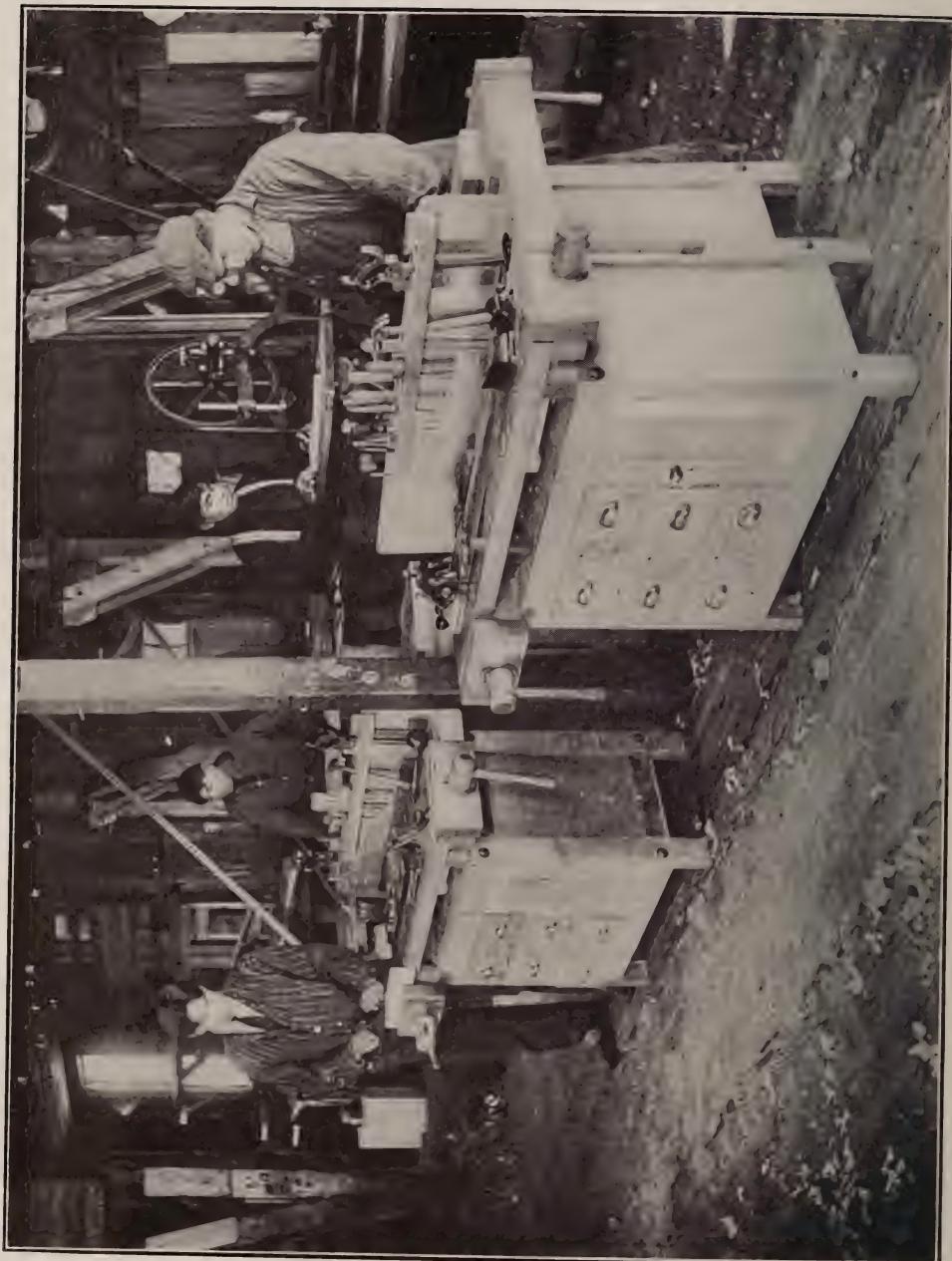


Blacksmith Shop

**T**HE work and instruction in the Blacksmith Shop are also of a practical nature.

These include such simple exercises in hand forging as the making of points, hooks, staples, bolts, which will give the student skill in the use of the forge, anvil, tongs, and hand hammer. Instruction is given in drawing down, bending, upsetting, welding, and splitting.

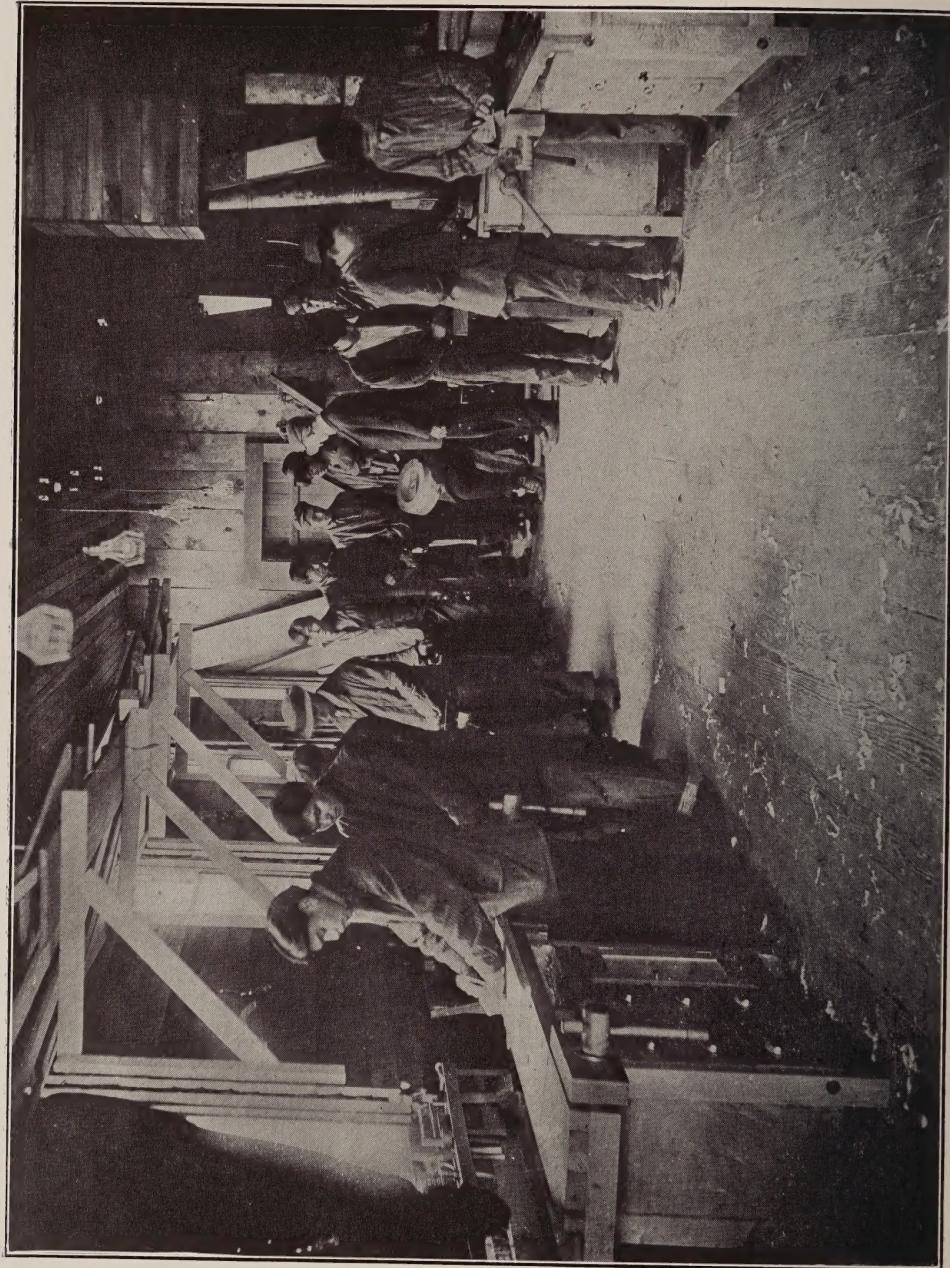
The tool work consists in the making of lathe and shaper tools, various kinds of chisels and rock drills. The proper method of making the fire and the management of it, the different heats, hardening and tempering are also taught.



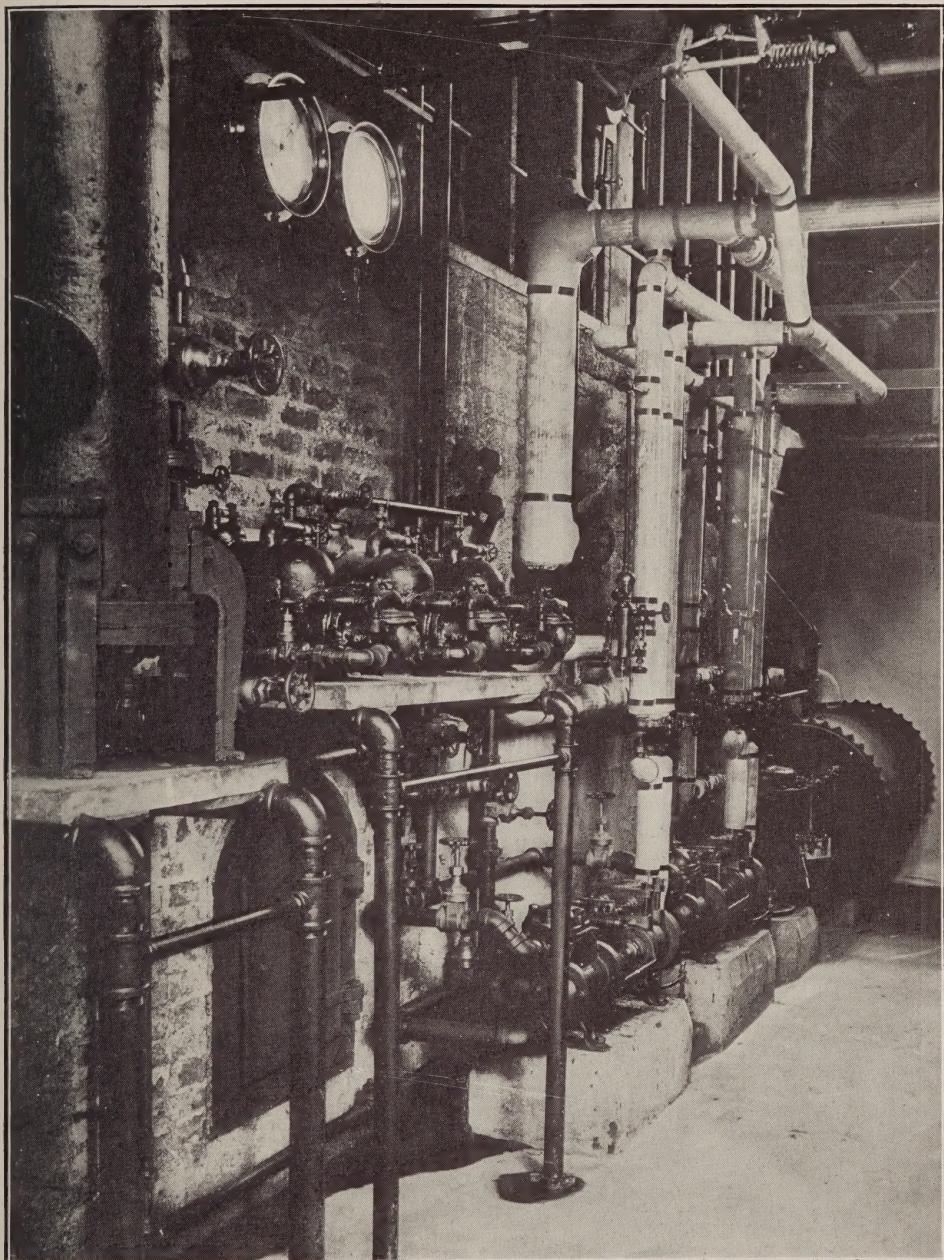
Carpenter Shop

IT is the purpose of the Board to have regular courses in the woodworking department. This part of the work may be divided and classed under three heads, as follows: The elementary principles of house building and carpentry, boat building, and wood carving.

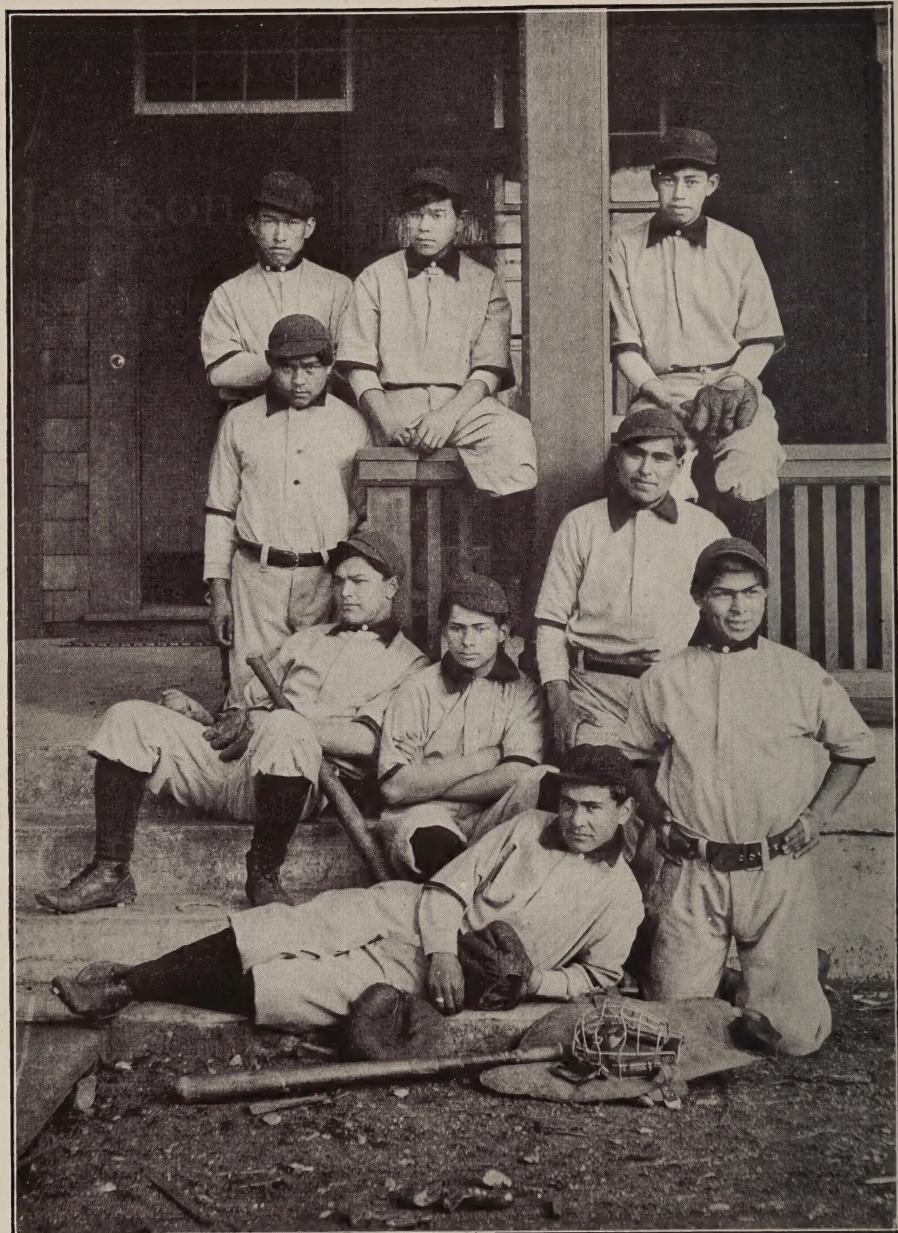
The equipment consists of fifteen complete manual training outfits, one 20-inch band saw, seven speed lathes, one mortising machine, and a circular saw. A small sawmill is also operated in connection with the carpenter shop. This gives practical training in the manufacture of rough lumber. Ample power for all machines is supplied by water from Indian river.



Carpenter Shop



Pumps



Baseball Team